Imagine you're one of the three people enslaved by DeltFall to be their meatshields, and you get your brain killing chip hijacked to make you follow someone else's orders now, but you and your only surviving comrade still do everything in your power to protect the other slave you know is on this planet. You are ordered to set a trap. So you set a trap. You have to. So you do.

But you set it badly. The entire rest of the building is covered in tracked in and smudged dirt. So you clean the entire hallway leading to your trap until it's sparkling.

You take a dead body of one of your former slave owners and place them in a blatantly unnatural position at the end of the one single sparkling clean hallway in the whole entire place.

And you wait, because you were ordered to wait, so you have to.

The only other slave on this planet whose not currently hijacked by your current slave owners walks in, and stops. It's very clear they've spotted your trap, exactly the way you intended them to.

They stop, they receive new orders from their slave owners. They turn to leave.

You know you've succeeded in warning them, they got the message. They know you're here. They know what's waiting for them.

But now they're warned, now they have a chance to get away. It might not save them in the long run, but it can save them right now. You don't know who they are. But you know they're another slave, just like you, who doesn't deserve any of this —

— and then you are shot in the back, because the slave you're trying to rescue wasn't actually allowed to leave, they were just ordered to go behind your back to try and kill you.

And then they succeed in knocking you and your surviving comrade unconcious, even though you were forced to shoot them — four times in the hip and three times in the shoulder with explosive bullets, and hit too many times to count everywhere with lazer fire.

And as you fall unconscious, from the injuries you received from getting shot in the back, you don't blame the other slave, because you know they had no choice. You know you're all in the same boat, with no choice but to hurt eachother at the orders of your owners.

(What you don't know, is that it wanted to kill you.)